

wick. First class on steamer 11s. extra, return; berths should be written for beforehand.

Hospiz für Damen, Hannover,

Alte Cellerheerstrasse, No. 4.

Bedroom, m. 2.50 or m. 3.00; Frühstück, 30 pfg.; Mittagessen 60 pfg., and so on; Baths, 20 pfg. Very nice and clean, and quite near the station. There is a similar place in Berlin, and I fancy in most of the big towns.

I should advise anyone who intends to travel abroad in the holidays to lay in a stock of provisions for the journey. We did not do so on our way out, and found it very expensive; also a cake of soap and an indiarubber bath. Our rooms were m. 26.00 a week. Washing costs about the same as in England. German lessons from one to two marks, or exchange conversation lessons.

A bicycle ticket to the Harz costs 7s. 6d. Personally I think it worth while to take one, if one is a member of the C.T.C., but opinions differ. We could have seen a good deal in that way, and the roads are very fair, and not nearly so hilly as in Devonshire or Derbyshire, round Werningerode and the borders of the Harz.

S. H.



EXTRACTS FROM A NATURE NOTE BOOK ON TOUR.

IN THE TRAIN FROM PARIS TO CLARENS.

A day of exodus. We left for Clarens by the 9-10 a.m. from the Gare de Lyon. On our way to the station we passed the Hotel de Ville, which I had not seen before, also the beautiful little tower of St. Germaine d'Auxerrois, and I saw the towers of Notre Dame in the distance.

The country outside Paris is pretty, and there are on the outskirts of the town hundreds of picturesque little villas, each of a different pattern, and standing in its own little garden; they look like little model dolls' houses, very cheery and gay and fresh.

The first place I noticed was Melun, but we whizzed past and out into the country again. It was curious to see the cattle ploughing, just I suppose as they used to do in Elisha's day. I was glad to see them looking sleek and well-cared for; and as they have no harness except the yoke, there are no bands and straps to gall them. Sometimes we passed what had evidently been river beds, now smooth and well kept and under cultivation. That was in the rocky district before Dijon, and I thought I saw some rock dwellings, for there was a rocky hill side with what looked like slits in it—doorways perhaps. Presently we came into a tunnel—a very long one—and on emerging I looked at the map and concluded that we had burrowed through the mountains of the Cote-d'Or.

Dijon from the station is dirty and small. At Dijon the through carriage for Lausanne is shunted, and that is quite worth watching: a horse hauls it upon a little travelling platform which stands across the rails. Then he is hooked

on at the side, and you travel sideways on the platform at right angle from the railway, until you reach the line upon which the carriage should be. Before long after we left Dijon the outlook from the windows demanded all my attention: hills and valleys became the general order of things. Down in a sleepy hollow we could see a cluster of irregular cottages nearly all red-roofed, and at all angles; on the highest prominence the tiny church looking like a hen among her chicks. The winding roadway, leading far away among the distant hills, some mere mountain tracts, others broad and straight, which made one sigh for those two delights of life, a bicycle and a friend.

The train swept ever up, and we noticed how much colder it was becoming. Now we skirted a veritable precipice, and looked down with delight upon the basin at our feet.

On, on, we flew, beautiful views revealed at every turn of the line, which twists and winds in and out of these crags of the Juras. At last we knew what made the air so crisp and cold—snow! There was a handful, then enough to walk in, then more! more!

We noticed the wooden snow guards on each side of the way, for soon snow was everywhere, and a pine forest below a veritable Santa Claus nursery garden. After crossing a rather dreary snow plain with a few hovels here and there we came to Pontalier, the Swiss frontier, a hilly little place, all under snow of course, with a rushing river on one side. A little beyond we were told to look out for the grim fortress; seated on the top of one of the overhanging crags, it guards the frontier and looks down into a broad valley, the scene of a fierce struggle in war. This fortress of Le Frambourg is so incorporated in the rock that it is difficult to know where one ends and the other begins. Some Swiss soldiers got out of the train with the curious caps, quartered like a child's ball, in red, white and blue. As they left the station they unfurled their flag, which being in the same colours looked very bright and pretty in the evening light against the snow. Then the station bell clanged its mellow note, not harsh and cold like our bells, but musical and sweet, playing often in seconds or thirds instead of on one tone only. As we moved off we passed a monument to the brave soldiers who had fallen in defence of that place.

Soon the lights came out, twinkling here and there along the valley, marking the course of the roads, or of some hilly path, when they looked like a necklace of stars on the breast of the mountain.

At length in the dark we reached Lausanne, a very fine station. Our train was waiting, so we transferred ourselves, and were enchanted with the excellence of our new carriage. It put the French first class to shame in every particular. It was scrupulously clean, with excellent light and bevelled mirrors, heating arrangement of course, coloured views, and the nicest windows I ever saw—the thick plate glass moved up and down in a velvet socket!

As soon as we left the station down went both the windows, and we revelled in the sweet freshness of the air, the brilliance of Orion and the other stars, and the twinkling lights round the lake. Our way lay along it for the next hour. Clarens was reached in good time, and terminated a really delightful journey, and although the Swiss clocks said 10-30 p.m., we, with our Paris time, knew it was only 9-30 p.m., so adjusted our feelings accordingly.

V. P.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Time and space, alas, forbid further extracts. This delightful tour extended through (1) Paris; (2) Clarens; (3) Yvorne; (4) Vevey, Oberland route to Oberhofen, Interlaken, Thun, Beatenbury, Gussbach, Berne; (5) Basel; (6) Paris, Versailles; (7) Fontainebleau.

Will other students who have had the luck to travel also send diaries or note books from which extracts can be made; and we shall all be grateful for sharing, at least to that extent, in their pleasures.